

A FOXHUNTER'S
ALPHABET
&
MOUNTAIN DEW
(IN VERSE)

By
HAROLD IRWIN

2/- net.



NOBLE COMPANY

I'VE A DOZEN ROOMS; YOU MAY TAKE THEM ALL
IF YOU LEAVE ME MY QUIET DEN, WALL-
WHERE THE SOUL OF THE PAST LOOKS OUT OF EACH
ITS HORSES, ITS HOUNDS, ITS MEN!

WHERE I FONDLE A MUZZLE, I CLASP A HAND,
I PLAY WITH A SILKEN MANE;
AND OUT OF THE SHADOWS THE FAITHFUL BAND
STEALS INTO MY LIFE AGAIN.

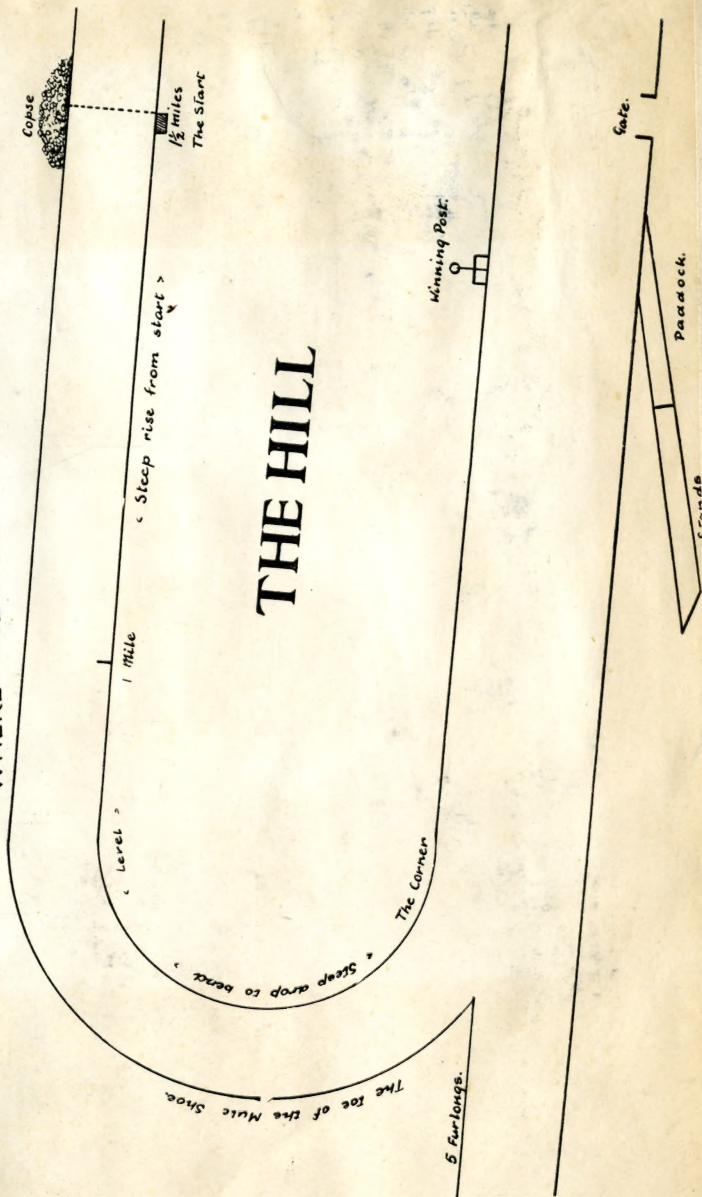
THERE'S THE CAD! THE BEAUTY I BOUGHT FOR A SONG,
WHO WORKED BUT FOR ME ALONE;
THERE'S RUDOLPH WHO GALLOP'D THE WHOLE DAY LONG,
AND STOOD AS IF CARVED IN STONE.

THERE'S SUCCESS'S HOOF - WHAT A HEART HE HAD!
AND THERE IS THE CUP HE WON,
WITH MANY A MASK AND BRUSH AND PAD,
EACH A STAR OF SOME GLORIOUS RUN.



PLAN of BRANKSHOLME RACECOURSE

WHERE THE HOLMBY STAKES IS DECIDED



" A Foxhunter's Alphabet "

Messrs. A. H. Stockwell, of 29, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4, have just published *A Foxhunter's Alphabet and Mountain Dew* (in verse), by Harold Irwin, price 2/- net. The Alphabet is for a foxhunter's child, and can easily be committed to memory, but the more ambitious piece in the book is the racing poem entitled "Mountain Dew," in which the reader is introduced to the Holmbury Stakes, run over the Branksome Race Course.

A FOXHUNTER'S
ALPHABET



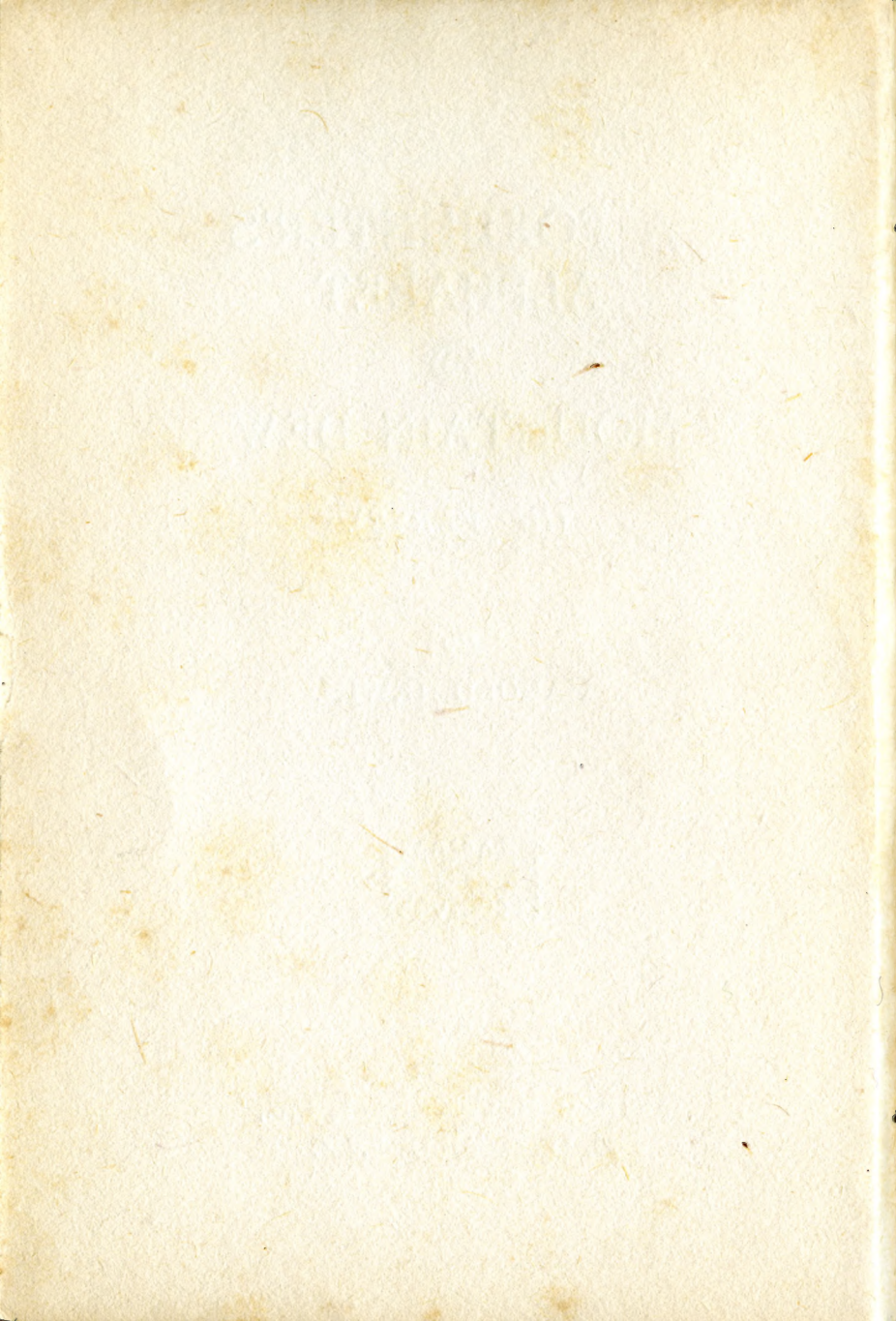
MOUNTAIN DEW

(*IN VERSE*).

By
HAROLD IRWIN.



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29, LUDGATE HILL, E.C. 4.



AN ALPHABET FOR A FOXHUNTER'S CHILD.

A is for "Ambler," best hound in the pack,
It's also applied to a horse that you hack.

B is for Badger who digs a deep sett
When a fox is beside one, he's hopeless to get.

C is the Colt foal from the good little mare
Who of hard hunting days, has had her fair share.

D's for the "Double" in and out of the lane,
In Ireland, a bank with on each side a "*Dhrain*"

E's for "Eleu-in-there Hounds! In to cover,
We hope there's a fox there, a far ranging lover."

F is Dan Russell, Reynard, terror of cocks,
Mus' Reynolds the robber, or Charles James *Fox*!

G in the South stands for "Gorse," the North "Whin,"
While in Ireland the "Fursebush" gives shelter to him.

H then is His Royal Highness, *The Horse*!
Our best friend, be without him! We could not, of
course!

I are the Injuries to man, horse and hound,
That keep on occurring the whole season round.

J is the Jog-trot the huntsman should keep
Twixt cover and cover, twixt kennels and meet.

K are the Kickers with bright bows of red,
Ribbon tied neatly in the tail at its head.

L are the "Leps!" Timber, water and banks,
Hedges, ditches and walls that thin out our ranks.

M is the *Master* who shows you the sport,
Obey him, be loyal, though his temper be short.

N ever leave a gate unclosed. Never holler when a sign
will do,
Never press on hounds, and you'll find farmer and
huntsman will smile on you.

O the Objective by the pilot selected
O'er the cream of the vale, tho' the point's unsuspected.

P The Hound Puppies, at walk with the farmers,
At times a great nuisance, but on the whole charmers.

Q are the Questions asked by huntsman and field,
Of ploughman and shepherd, Reynard's secret to yield.

R is the Run of the season the best,
We hope we mayn't miss it, it always gives zest.

S is the Scarlet our coat's colour bright,
Which gives the eye pleasure, be the day dull or light.

T is the *Terrier* brave, rough haired and scarred,
If no foxes to bolt, the day for him's marred.

U the Untrained ones, the breakers bring out,
The hounds for to see and the fences to clout.

V is the Veterinary Surgeon who tends
Our sick and hurt horses and our pied kennel friends.

W the *Whipper-in* who's work's seldom done,
Tho' he starts early, past set of the sun.

X is for Xmas when the season's half sped,
The Best Holidays for a lad sporting bred.

Y *Yoicks* ! the encouraging word given to hounds,
Helps them brave the thick cover and ragged thorn
wounds.

Z the *Zealous* horseman, jogging home late,
At peace with the world, and no room for hate.

PROGRAMME.

THE HOLMBY STAKES.

3. 0 P.M.

1½ MILES.

1. Lord Holmby's ch. f. SOPHONISBA 8.11.

By Hasdrubal—Iras. Baker.
Chocolate, cream cap.

Churchward
(*Thrustington*).

2. Sir Asaf Knan's br. f. MARGALARA 8. 11.

By Ali Kul—Moti. Leaf.
Peacock blue, orange cap.

Thistlethwaite
(*Thrustington*).

3. Sir James Scott's blk. or br. c. MOUNTAIN DEW 9. 0.

By The Smuggler—Usquebaugh,
Rose & White quarters, black
collar, cuffs and cap. Mr. A. Scott.

Surtees
(*Rabyhope*)

4. Lord b.c. TOSTIG 9. 0.
 Rossington's By Earl Godwin—Elfreda. Farmer.
 Coral.

Dunn
 (*Thrustington*).

5. Vicomte de gr.c. BERTRAND 9. 0.
 Flers' By Roland—Beatrice. Dubios.
 Black, grey hoops, black cap.

Bell
 (*France*).

6. Mr. Vansittart's blk.c. CORNPLANTER 9. 0.
 By Seneca—Laughing Water
 Dark Blue & pink stripes, Vickers.
 black cap.

Haydon
 (*Thrustington*).

7. Mr. Andrew b.c. SIR BEDEVERE 9. 0. F. Steer
 Tupper's By King's Idyll—Chivalry
 Brown, white sleeves, scarlet cap.

J. Lawton,
 (*Malminster*).

8. Mr. Matthew rn.c. SANGAR 9. 0. W. Steer.
 Blake's By Border Thief—Breastwork.
 Moss Green.

J. Lawton
 (*Malminster*).

9. Mr. Peter
Walsall's

b.c. THE WAKE 9. 0.
By Leofric—Godiva. Bonner
Saxe Blue.

J. Lawton
(*Malminster*).

10. Lord Dinsford's b.c. WEAR AND TEAR 9. 0. Hare
By Prizefighter—Drudge,
White, red sash, blue cap.

J. Lawton
(*Malminster*).

11. Lord Dinsford's ch.c. FLASH COVE 9. 0. Brane
By Whitechapel—The Donah.
White, red sash, black cap.

J. Lawton
(*Malminster*).

12. Count Polnitz's ch.c. PREMSYZL 9. 0.
By Prague—Zillah. Bauer
Pale Blue, gold braid, scarlet
sleeves, purple cap.

Hutyra
(*Austria*).

13. Baron
Kirscher's

ch.c. JÄGER 9. 0.
By Hauptmann—Bertha. Schmidt
Maroon.

Klaus
(*Germany*).

14. Mr. Patrick Archer's b.c. BAMBINO 9. 0. Giles
By The Dago—Piccanin
Black
Dearman
(*Branksholme*).
15. Lord Trimmer's ch.c. CLIPPER SHIP 9. 0.
Fortescue
By East Indiaman—The Barque
Green, gold cap.
Woollett
(*Lambury*).
16. Lord Winetown's blk.c. BLACK VELVET 9. 0.
By Porter—Champagne. Osby
Red, black sleeves, quartered cap.
Thistlethwaite
(*Thrustington*).
17. Lord Blackmore's b.c. JAN RIDD 9. 0. Gurney
By Bristol Channel—Somerset.
Purple and Gold hoops, purple cap.
Treherne
(*Thrustington*).
18. Lord Broxbridge's b.c. NOTORIETY 9. 0. Herbert
By Newsmonger—Cause Célebre
Pink and White stripes, yellow cap.
Anson
(*Stropp*).

19. Lord
Innisheen's b.c. CONOR OF CONNAUGHT 9. 0.
By Connaught King—Bronah. Mooney
Purple blue, shamrock cap.
Brady
(Ireland).
20. Lady
Dunrickard's br.c. CALTHROP 9. 0.
By Cold Steel—Obstacle. Hall
Canary, scarlet cap.
Jennings
(Thrustington).
21. Mrs.
Sacheverall's ch.c. LANTHORN 9. 0.
By Lamplighter—Ray. McQuade
Lushington
(Overhauls).

MOUNTAIN DEW.

June, and a thin mist rising from the dew wet grass,
A glorious sunlit prospect, men and horses pass,
Gypsies clustered round fires for their breakfast lit,
Thud of hoofs, straining leather, clink of stirrup and bit.

The opening day of the meeting, on the famous Downs,
Crowds are flocking towards them, from countryside and
towns,
Hundreds passed the night sleeping in the open air,
'Tis less like modern racecourse than old time fair,
The most prized classic trophy on the second day,
The "Holmby" brings crowds numbering, What? Who
can say?

Little foals entered for it, nearly three years since
Now stript, for the last canter, snatch, sidle and mince,
Diminutive jockeys are hove, saddle unto
Trainers' instructions giv'n briefly, thus to do,
Here and there touts scurrying, trying news to glean,
Everywhere rush and bustle spreads o'er the scene,
Bookmakers anxiously scan the favourite's looks,
Hoping to hedge e'en now, rashly made books,
Professional backers hover, ready to pounce
On incautious odds layers, form weighed to th' ounce.

Costers, moke-in-barrow hawking, coffee and cakes,
 Tipsters promise the winner of the "Holmby Stakes,"
 Horses string back from the downs, swept by the soft
 breeze,

Wide spread the cool stable yards, under gracious trees,
 Stable boys busy with skeps full of grooming gear,
 Fetched from the saddle room, standing door-wide there,
 Sweat scraper, body brush, sponge, water brush, "dandy,"
 Massage gloves, rubber and wisp, bring polish handy,
 Saddles and bridles, clothing removed, each filly,
 And colt stand rackt for dressing, "Now silly!"
 "Give over!" "Ah, would ye?" Siss, Siss, "Steady
 my lass!"

Snapp of teeth, stamp of feet as the tickling wisps pass
 Over the tender skins, on ribs and inside thighs,
 Twixt forearms, under belly, still hissing like sighs,
 The lads sweat and strain to shine coat, cleanse skin and
 cool

Each his charge, to whom he speaks fond words, "Little
 fool!"

"Stand still, now!" "Grooming's finished." "There,
 y'are my son!"

Summer sheet and roller fixt, watering is done,
 Each, in his loose box standing, straw to hocks and knees,
 Generous corn feed into manger tipt he sees,
 Eagerly the mobile lips search for yellow grain,
 Clip the good scotch oats and seek the manger yet again.

* * * * *

The first day is past, and lo ! the second is come,
 The downs of Branksholme resound. The multitudes hum.
 At noon the sun spills glory under hot skies,
 On all sides of the hill rise a medley of cries,
 Romany women seeking fortunes to tell,
 Costers raucously calling, "jellied eels" to sell,
 A police inspector shouts out "Back please there ! Stand !"
 "Sergeant, clear the way a moment, for this four-in-hand,"
 Smack ! goes the long whip, the leaders plunge, and swing
 round

Off the course to the dip, then breast the rising ground,
 The coach sways and rocks, leaps to crest of the hill,
 The sweating, panting horses, at last, may be still.

Motors ! Omnibuses twin deckt, packt as to tops,
 On them, bareheaded lasses with smart Eton Crops,
 Insides are crowded by huge hampers and cases
 Of good things for th' passengers, 'tween the races,
 Char-a-bancs crowded with broad-shouldered strong men,
 From pithead and workshop, one thousand times ten,
 Soldiers on furlough, sailors back home from the sea,
 Airmen on holiday, all laughing, care free.
 Cars ! owned by princes, plutocrats, profiteers,
 Landaulettes, limousines, six or eight cylinders,
 Touring cars, coupés, saloons, humble two-seaters,
 Motor cycles, with side-cars, solos, "dead-beaters,"
 Hundreds of young men on push bikes are to be seen,
 Threading their slow way the larger traffic between,
 Now and then wagonettes, broughams, landaus, cabs,
 traps,

Horse drawn, moving slowly, fill'd with young and old
 chaps,
 Crowds from near by, walking, many more come far by
 train,
 Ev'n a few are by swift flying aeroplane.

Folk there are in every grade and circumstance,
 Rich and poor, the high, the humble, mixt as in a dance,
 Men of every creed and clime, crossing back and forth,
 Some in distant lands tryst made here, and plighted troth,
 Sons of Empire, stalwart, clear of eye and husky,
 Broad of shoulder, narrow hipp'd, fresh and fair or dusky,
 Australasian, Africander, Canadian, Indian,
 American, Mexican, Argentinian, Chilian,
 Norseman, Dutchman, Czech, Pole, Dane, Turk, Jew and
 Russian,
 Arab, Negro, Chink or Jap, Dago, Squarehead Prussian,
 All are mingled, some scattered far across the hill,
 Tightly pack't in stands and rings, along the rails and still
 More come pouring in, their good money to squander,
 Some betting, some laughing, some staring in wonder,
 Thimble riggers, looking for flats, pass by the townsmen,
 Three card gangs with greasy packs, pluck stolid downsmen,
 Crown and Anchor and Roulette bankers, call out hoarsely,
 "Back your fancy, gents." Roughts quarrel and jest
 coarsely.

* * * * *

Trainers and owners stand in groups on the lawns behind
 the stands,

Many nobles, these latter are high of rank, from foreign
lands,
Others again are merchants rich, Americans some, and one
or two
Are men of only moderate wealth, wishing to try what they
can do,
With but few horses to bring to hand
This coveted prize of their fatherland.
All the biggest men in the game keep extensive studs for
breeding,
And little they reck at the season's end, if there's only a
debit reading,
Now and again, the smaller man may pluck of the choicest
prizes,
And ever and on, in the turf's story, we read of great
surprises,
Alan Scott, from the north he hailed,
He was strong and slim, and his heart ne'er quailed.
Twenty-eight, he could ride eight stone. He look'd too
tall for a flat race jock.
His father, Sir James, a keen turfite, had bred some famous
stock,
Alan, although an amateur, had been trained in a very
good school,
And the best of critics admitted that he was by no means
a fool,
For years he had ridden all the horses,
Owned by Sir James on many courses,
His past record was really fine, his average high tho'
mounts but few,

Thrice in the "Holmby" he'd a ride, and to-day was
 "up" on "Mountain Dew."

A dark brown Colt of symmetry rare, thought by most too
 small to win.

His sire'd lack't size they said, 'twas why the classics
 had eluded him,

But yet, last season, five times he had rac'd

And won, his line to the best was trac'd,

Sir James had bred him, he was home train'd, twice this
 year he'd started and won,

He'd miss'd the first classic as 'twas feared, his work was
 a little overdone,

He'd many tough rivals yet to meet, five better back't
 in the field than he,

Three colts, two fillies, unbeaten all, but none with so fine
 a pedigree,

Alan still felt that he held a good chance,

Well placed at "the corner" he'd lead them a dance,

He was a stayer, best there could be, his pace, power and
 action were good,

He was plucky, kind and handy too, no need for spur nor
 yet again hood,

Quick from the gate; but to settle took time, and 'twas
 this would tell against him,

When scrambling for places, at crest of the hill, Alan
 laugh't and his face turn'd grim.

"If I can but keep with them the first half mile,

Faith then! I can sit still and afford to smile."

"Sophonisba," a chestnut filly, Lord Holmby's candidate
 now came by,

The fillies' first classic she had won, and she look'd the
sort to "do or die."

"Margalara," a lengthy brown one, property of Sir Asaf
Khan,

Conquering queen of two Irish classics, stript of her
clothing, stood cool and calm,

A bright bay colt was the hope of Lord Rossington,

"Tostig," the favourite, train'd at Thrustington,

"Tostig," had won the Thrustington Stakes, the first
of the classics.

He

Was a long striding giant horse, overgrown, headstrong
and tricky,

Vansittart's leggy, weedy, black, "Cornplanter" hail'd
from U.S.A.

Seemed outclass'd rather, yet still he had proved he could
both sprint and stay.

To many of the British cracks he'd shown Last Season
that they could not wear him down,

Young Vicomte de Flers, with old Bell, his Yankee trainer,
smiled to see

"Bertrand," his French classic winner, fresh from his home
at Malvoisy.

These six, unbeaten, were the pick in a strong field of
twenty-one.

"Cornplanter," "Tostig," the fillies, and several more
came from Thrustington,

Jimmy Lawton, that clever old man from the "West
Countree" had still five in,

Two of Lord Dinford's "Wear-and-Tear," a bay, and
 "Flash Cove," a chestnut slim.

Andrew Tupper's bay colt, "Sir Bedevere," "The
 Wake,"

Peter Walsalls, and the roan 'Sangar' of Matthew
 Blake,

"Premsyzl," the Austrian, pronounced like a sneeze,
 "Jäger" the German,

The local trained "Bambino" untried, Pat Archer's
 in charge of Dearman,

Lord Trimmer's chestnut "Clipper Ship," Lord Wine-
 town's black colt, "Black Velvet,"

The latter trained by Thistlethwaite, the former one by
 Woollett,

A bay colt, "Conor of Connaught," Lord Innisheen's
 From The Durragh, Kilcash, trained by Brady of Skeens,
 Lord Broxbridge's "Notoriety" a fine bay colt from
 Anson's of "Stropp,"

Lord Blackmore's "Jan Ridd," Treherne's charge.
 Jennings had sent the brown "Calthrop."

Lady Dunrickard's handsome colt. Lastly Mrs.
 Sacheverall's

"Lanthorn," a raking chestnut from Lushington's stable
 at "Overhauls."

Each rider draws for his place at the starting gate,
 Takes his number cloth, swings into scales for his weight.

The first two races are over, hum of sound sweeps passed
 and away,

"On the Holmby! On the Holmby! Here! Six to four
 the field I'll lay!"

"Ten to one Clipper Ship!" "Fours Bertrand!"

"Twenties, Jan Ridd and Sir Bedevere."

"Five to one Mountain Dew!" "Yes, Sir?" "A monkey?" "Five monkies to one Bill, do you hear."

Saddling bell jangled. The weighing room Spued
Neatly breech'd riders, jackets multi-hued.

* * * * *

Farmer, the champion jockey of last year, in coral jacket,
Watches the fav'rite's trainer, Dunn, see to saddling, "I'll
lose a packet."

Dunn says to him. "If you don't win! Watch him care-
fully, now mind you!

He'll sprawl down hill, if you upset him! And don't
lose sight of Mountain Dew!

He'll take more beating than most, he's good.

Your Mount's a rogue. Help me fix his hood."

The parade! First Sophonisba, Baker, her jockey, leaning
down,

To Churchward the trainer, colours chocolate, cream cap
clearly shown.

Next Margalara with Leafe up, carries peacock blue and
orange cup,

Scott follows on as Surtees drops his mount's lead rein
with parting slap,

Fourth, Tostig, the favourite, heavily bandaged

With difficulty by his pilot managed.

The French crack, Dubois, riding Bertrand. Black and
 grey hoops, black cap he wore.
 Vickers the yankee steered Cornplanter, Haydon, his trainer,
 raved and swore
 Because the stewards would not allow him to send his horse
 to the post alone,
 Dark blue and pink stripes, black cap, the colours he hoped
 to see the first come home.
 Brown, white sleeves, scarlet cap, Frank Steer,
 Were the colours and jock of Sir Bedevere.
 Willy Steer on "Sangar" in moss green, "The Wake,"
 saxe blue with Bonner up.
 White, red sash, black cap came "Flash Cove," Brane
 riding, grinned, the silly pup!
 He only had the ride because a better man could not be
 got.
 Now came the "first string," "Wear-and-tear," Hare
 stroked him, he was very hot!
 Pale blue, gold braid, scarlet sleeves, purple cap,
 Bauer, the Austrian, wore a broad thigh strap,
 Schmidt in maroon, on Jäger next, followed by Giles on
 Bambino.
 Black his colours. Clipper Ship paced with Fortescue,
 green, gold cap and so.
 Osby, red, black sleeves, quartered cap, past on Black
 Velvet, ears laid back,
 At Jan Ridd, Gurney, purple and gold hoops and purple
 cap.
 Like a sack
 Herbert looked, in the pink, white stripes and yellow
 Cap of Notoriety, poor little fellow!

Royal blue and shamrock cap, Mooney, Irish champion
 chided
 His great Conor, while he chaffed Hall on Calthrop, who
 time bided
 When his canary and scarlet cap should from the gate
 dart like a flame,
 The northerner, McQuade, whipt in on Lanthorn, th' parade
 seems tame
 Till suddenly each rider, wheeling round,
 Breaks to swift canter, drawing thunder from th' ground.
 Like a great mule shoe, the green course lay, straight from
 heels to quarters,
 The big bend down the hill formed th' shoe's toe, shaped
 for Midas' daughters.
 The intake turn to the straight was sharp, and this was the
 famous "corner,"
 The start and the finish lay one at each heel, and the toe
 bulged like a dormer,
 The rise for the first half-mile was stiff,
 The drop round the bend seemed like a cliff,
 Preliminary canter done, the jockeys walk their horses
 Across the hollow to the post. The blood to each heart
 courses,
 Their faces with excitement tense, the riders' minds are
 occupied
 With every riding artifice, by long experience supplied.
 How best to gain advantage by quickness,
 Or noting in a rival, any weakness.

Alan, riding a little apart, strok't the brown neck of
 Mountain Dew,

Thought, if he won, he'd have painted a portrait of the
 colt, and knew
 His father would glow to see the brown son of The Smuggler
 and Usquebaugh.
 In the rose and white quarters, black collar, cuffs, cap he
 had born, to the fore.
 In the draw for places he was number twenty,
 He minded this little, other cares he had plenty.

* * * * *

His love of nature was profound.
 He had from earliest childhood shown a vast delight
 In playing with and handling young puppies.
 Rabbits, chickens and wild things: 'Twas a sight
 To see the bright haired toddler, laughing,
 Romp among his playmates, with greatest care
 Not to injure, nor to frighten. That the eyes of
 His fond mother filled. As with a prayer,
 She mark'd with ever-growing wonder, that
 Untaught, a marvellous tenderness was in her boy,
 She prayed that he might always be unspoilt,
 And as he grew, she taught him to have joy
 In simple tastes, in courtesy to women,
 In bravery 'mongst men, and to eschew
 All underhand things, meanness, boastful pride,
 To honour his parents, and so be true
 To the best traditions of his country
 And his race. She said, "Remember, my son,
 'Tis easy to do great things when winning,
 But when losing, 'tis the greatest deeds are done."

His father had encouraged him to take
 Keen interest in the lives of ministrants,
 Of workers in all trades, and note the pride
 Good craftsmen took in work done, at the instance
 Of giving pleasure to themselves and their
 Employer. In mere seeing things well done.
 He took part in all field sports, in clean games
 And pastimes. When quite a small boy had gone
 Into his father's stable during his
 Holidays and worked like any 'prentice.
 Old Surtees, his father's private trainer,
 Had shown no favouritism to entice
 Him into laziness, but had made him
 Take turn and work just as the remainder.
 At fifteen he had run away from school,
 Had joined the Army in his country's need.
 He went to France a transport driver in
 A batch of waggoners from Trent and Tweed.
 For two years he'd kept, tended with great care,
 And driv'n a pair of great hairy "shires,"
 Strong, hefty, phlegmatic, slow moving, but
 Great pullers, worthy sons of splendid sires.
 He then was drafted to a fighting unit,
 He knew the horror and the cruelty
 Of war, its beastliness, its stench, and
 Then routine, with its dreary drudgery.
 He came thro' all unwounded, but soul-sick,
 Heart crying out for cleanliness and peace.
 He had his education completed
 At th' Agricultural College of Teese,
 These last six months he'd been a tenant farmer,

Had managed to get away to ride
His father's horses thro' the spring and summer.
Whenever he could do the weight, beside,
In Winter he rode some in hurdle races,
In point-to-points and Hunt Steeplechases.
In all his difficulties and troubles
He'd had solace in his dear mother's love,
Her death to both his father and himself
Had been a crushing blow. Now from above
He liked to think that she leaned and guided
His fortunes and his father's, and he strove
Always to do her bidding, as she'd hoped
That he might over all his troubles victor prove.
She had been killed in the bombardment of
An East coast town, by th' enemy fleet.
He felt that he must now and forever
Bring all his triumphs, lay them at her feet.
His father at his mother's death was all
Distraught, and long took little interest
In life, and Alan had on him to watch
And do, what he might, to ease a soul distres't.
Ill-fortune now had sorely smitten him.
In this last year he had been compelled
To sell his breeding stud and all horses
In Training, save this colt. Alan knew it spelled
Not ruin, but bitter disappointment
To his sire, to see the hopes he'd builded
Of bringing to his stud, great advancement,
Being shattered. He had hoped that this horse
Would be a winner of the Triple Crown.
Now Alan thought "Alas, the first classic
Missed, and we must not at all costs let him down."

* * * * *

The starter high on his platform stood. Some had come
to see the start.

The rails on the inside people lined, the outer a thick
copse mark't.

The tapes came down, like fragile bridge, spanning the
course. As creeper plant

In Jungle dense, swung out across some deep ravine, at
dizzy slant,

In case of mishap, the gate being tested,

Tricks of place stealing, the starter bested.

Flash Cove held the inmost berth, the favourite stood at
number two.

The Austrian next, then Clipper Ship, Margalara and
Bambino,

Cornplanter seventh, Wear-and-Tear eighth, Conor of
Connaught came next,

Sir Bedevere tenth, with "The Wake" on his right, his
rider sore vex't.

With Dubios on Bertrand at number twelve.

Heels clearing space like axe-head swung on helve.

Notoriety, fighting shy of the Frenchman, filled thirteenth
place.

Sophonisba followed, and after her, Jan Ridd in disgrace,

Having kicked Jäger, his neighbour, poor wretch, with

"Black Velvet" the biter,

To sandwich him. Sangar eighteenth, th' roan stood

stock still, "The blighter,"

Said Willy Steer, "My boot's torn to tatters,

But my horse stands here as if nothing matters."

McQuade brought Lanthorn alongside Sangar, Mountain
Dew slipt next him.

Left the final spot to Calthrop. Then closing up their
faces grim,

Each man feels his horse's mouth. Sweat beads stand on
pucker'd brows,

Tongue and lips are parch't with drouth. Loud the bitter
language flows.

Time and again the straight line scattered,
Starter's hopes of clean send-off, shattered.

"Hall, don't rush! Steady there, Farmer! Steer, get a
move on that blasted roan!"

Now, a horse, tail-first, sweating aspume breaks the line,
sets the crowd a'groan.

Like bright rainbow shattered in steep waterfall, the field's
gathered a scattered blue sky overall.

Suddenly, all heads in line, they forward move.

Up fly the tapes. "What's left? Flash Cove!"

A splendid start! Flash Cove but dwelt! Calthrop and
Conor dash to the front,

Tostig, head up, Farmer daring scarcely to breathe "lest
that runt

Clipper Ship!" or the Austrian should cross his mount
or bump.

Both fillies, the Yank and the Frenchman, well in advance,
seem to clump,

Alan, grip't by a cold despair, sullen, dogged,

Felt as he swung in, that his veins were cloggèd.

As he reached the rails, the mile-post was near,

And a thought came to him that seemed to stun,

His horse was too slow!! He'd no dash or fire!

He was last in a field of twenty-one !
 His heart was like lead and his throat afire
 Numbed, his limbs felt as if turned to stone.
 His vision grew dimmed, he appeared to drift.
 In some dreary wilderness, lost, alone.
 His strength of purpose caught fast and bound.
 By fear's long tentacles wrap't around,
 Fear of defeat and all it meant to him,
 To lose his last chance of winning this race
 On a horse of his father's. Unkind fate
 Had forced them to sell the Stud, the old place
 Where his family for two centuries
 Had bred, reared and loved the thoroughbred horse,
 The deep disappointment to Sir James,
 And no doubt the colt himself, of course,
 Alan believed the little "Stout Heart"
 Strained ever his best, to goal from start.

* * * * *

These thoughts came flashing his mind's eye across,
 Quicker than light they sped. His senses cleared,
 His vigour returned. His horse was striding
 Smoothly and swiftly, and Alan was cheered,
 He scanned the field. Flash Cove was beaten he,
 Faltered, swung out, and Mountain Dew flash't by
 Him to the side of the fav'rite ; they strode
 Together past Clipper Ship, and Osby
 On Black Velvet now gave way to them,
 As hocks sought the drop of the hill to stem,

Calthrop had fallen back, Jan Ridd failing
 Lanthorn, Notoriety under pressure,
 Sir Bedevere, Sangar and Bambino
 Were done with. Alan now had more leisure
 To look to the leaders, and increase his pace.
 A curse from Farmer, Tostig sprawled,
 Alan went on, on the rails saw opening
 A place, he took it, Jäger overhauled,
 There next him in front was Cornplanter
 Leading the field, he seemed to canter.
 On the rails lay the American crack,
 On his right at his girths was the Austrian,
 Neck and neck Betrand and Margalara
 Still further outside, at his shoulder ran
 Sophonisba, at Mountain Dew's quarter,
 Closely attended by Wear and Tear,
 No sign the Yank showed of yielding his place,
 And Vickers a look of content seemed to wear.

The crowd round the bend, roared and yelled,
 The rising dust of bruised turf smelled,
 It seemed to Alan his foot smote faces,
 Flushed and pale as he raced to the "corner,"
 A wild excitement swept crowd and field,
 Shouts rose confused, the loudest for Farmer,
 The fav'rite, however, in towering rage,
 Head in air, mouth open, was beaten,
 The Austrian rolled, reeled from Cornplanter,
 Alan snatch't his place, his thoughts did sweeten,
 Together he and the Yank rac't level,

They led the field ! Alan's hopes swelled high,
 He closed his legs, his mount responded,
 Without seeming to move, Vickers made reply
 Dead level, like a stream in spate,
 The brown colts swung into the straight,
 The crowd went mad and toss't their hats in air,
 The bookies cheered for the fav'rite beat,
 Anxiously owners turned their glasses
 From stands to th' " corner," swaying on their feet,
 " Come on Mountain Dew ! " " Come on Cornplanter ! "
 The British yelled, and the Yanks replied,
 " Attaboy Vickers ! " and " Attaboy Scott ! "
 " It's a dandy finish, by heck ! " They cried.
 Baron Kirscher swore, he never had seen
 Horses gallop like this ! His dead had been !
 Each time Scott called his mount for an effort,
 Cornplanter moved with him, as to him fix't,
 Alan thought, " I'll sit still, we're travelling fast,
 He may crack, the strain and the pace betwixt,"
 Then with a rushing came Margalara,
 Mountain Dew responded, Cornplanter too,
 The filly's brown head, at his colt's shoulder,
 Alan felt that his horse had much to do,
 E'er he reach't the top of this endless hill,
 No nerve or sinew might slack or be still,
 For a score of strides she held her station,
 Neither gaining, nor yet receding,
 Then of a sudden she disappeared
 From Alan's view, and his thoughts speeding,
 As like a flash, Dubios brought up the grey
 Almost level for a dozen lengths,

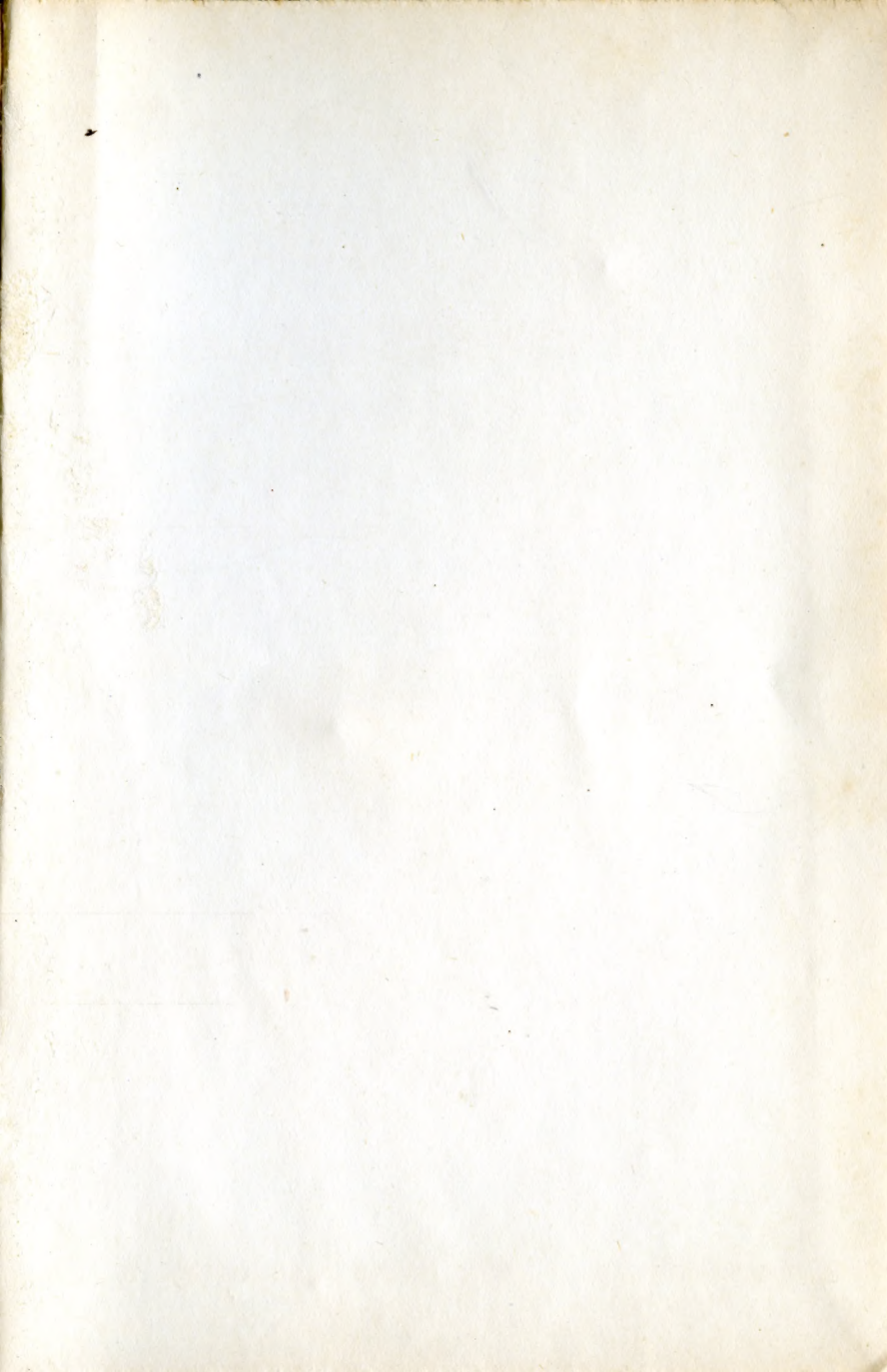
Then he crack't, gave way to Sophonisba
 Who tried very sorely both colts their strengths,
 Till she broke down, Hare came with Wear and Tear,
 Mooney tried with Conor the fight to share,
 Each in turn were shaken off, Mountain Dew,
 Still level with Cornplanter, stoutly strove,
 Yet half-way up the straight Alan called to
 His mount, and with hands and heels forcing drove
 Him half a length ahead of the Yankee,
 Who game as ever, came drawing level
 Once more, and so they flew up the long hill
 Towards the winning post. "To the devil
 With him," Scott swore. "I can't get away
 From this Yank, but we must win to-day."
 Then a deep silence fell over the crowd,
 As the shadow of hawk stills singing birds,
 Wide to the right on the higher ground came
 "The Wake" with one long run. There are no words
 To tell the tenseness which for a moment
 Grip't every soul, until, with a yell,
 From the Bookies' throats came :—"Come on The Wake!"
 "The Wake wins," "The Wake wins." To break the
 spell,
 Bonner upon this rank outsider
 Felt certain he was the winner's rider,
 Ten lengths from the post The Wake was leading,
 Alan drove on his mount with hand and heel,
 The brave heart bounded, the muscles rippled
 Twixt his knees, the great efforts he did feel,
 A terrific roar from the crowd rang out,
 "Mountain Dew wins!" Again—"He wins," "He wins."

He had past the post a length to the good,
 Cornplanter, The Wake, dead-heat second. Spins
 Surtees' hat in the air, at Paddock gate
 Lead reins in their hands, he and Sir James wait.
 " Well ridden, Alan ! " " Well done, Mountain Dew ! "
 They both cry out, as each buckles a rein
 One each side the bridle, they turn and go
 Back to the paddock, trying to explain
 How certain they all were of victory,
 That never a doubt from the first had been,
 Surtees said to Alan, Margalara fourth
 A short head, Bertrand fifth a neck between,
 Wear and Tear sixth, half a length away,
 Seventh, Conor of Connaught, the rest asplay.
 Alan weighed in. The " Alright " signal giv'n,
 " The Holmby " was over, Mountain Dew had won !
 Sir James said, " At last we've bred a winner
 Of the greatest race, you rode him, my son ! "

" We must start afresh, win " The September,"
 And p'raps next year, try for all the big cups,
 Then if we're successful ; with these stakes
 And our winnings on bets, we have our " ups,"
 Our " downs " all behind us, this great horse at stud,
 Mountain Dew as our sire, of thoroughbred blood ! "

THE END.

THE PRINTERIES,
RUSHDEN.





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